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EDITORIAL NOTICE.—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

Last Sunday eight gangs in Dublin carried out a systematic and simultaneous murder of Army officers. Twelve of these who lived out of barracks in various parts of the city were shot dead, mostly in their bedrooms, at 9 in the morning, as well as two of the R.I.C. who were going for reinforcements. This series of murders, evidently according to plan, has aroused the widest resentment. The English will not forgive Sinn Fein for many a day. And these are the people for whom a precious Bill is arranging ever more generous concessions! The men killed were engaged in the work of bringing the murderers to justice, and it is suggested that the latter are making a despairing attempt to terrorise those who at last are getting the better of them.

We hope that is so, but we cannot be sure. It is difficult to get the truth about these crimes. What, however, is clear is the stupidity of allowing officers in the present state of Ireland to lodge in isolated positions out of barracks. The authorities should have taken a lesson from the murder of Col. Smyth in a hotel some while since, and arranged for officers to live together, commandeering houses, if necessary, for that purpose. A heavy responsibility lies on those who have neglected this simple precaution; but a still heavier one on Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues, who have dodged and paltered with the whole question of Ireland, and allowed the country to reach its present impossible condition.

Recently a big haul of the most secret documents of the revolutionaries was made in Dublin, and many persons are incriminated. Attacks in London on Government buildings and public men were part of the plans, and Lord Birkenhead explained in the Lords on Tuesday that the authorities intended to "make the fullest use of the documents for justiciary purposes." Direct evidence should be very useful, for that is just what has been lacking. We notice that Archbishop Mannix has been freely falsifying history about re-

prisals; his wild hysterics must be a source of regret to holders of his faith. The very word "reprisals" indicates that somebody else began it, a fact forgotten by the slobbery press which condones the long Irish tale of outrage and murder.

In the Commons debate on Wednesday, Mr. Asquith cut a poor figure, and Sir Hamar Greenwood, whose firmness and good temper have never yielded to incessant attacks, gave effective evidence. He showed the chivalry and forbearance of the soldiers and policemen for every one of whose skulls the rebels pay £100. He claimed confidently that Ireland was being pacified, three-fourths of it being as quiet as Kent. He mentioned plans for wholesale destruction in England, and £3,500 spent recently on buying arms in Scotland, and denounced the murder-gang's list of reprisals as a hideous and monstrous falsehood. After this, there was little said of any importance. Mr. Devlin, of course, declared that the statements issued from Dublin Castle were lies, and General Seeley dissociated himself from Mr. Asquith's views.

The French Premier has stated this week that France cannot allow the return of "Tino" with his strong pro-German ideas. M. Leygues and Signor Giolitti, the Italian Premier, are shortly to discuss, with Mr. Lloyd George, the situation in the Near East created by recent events. It is clear that Greece cannot have it both ways, keeping her nice little additions for the support of the Allies, and calling a pro-German monarch back to the throne. The Turkish Treaty has not yet been ratified, and the delay may be a blessing in disguise, as offering a chance for revision in favour of Turkey. We should not hesitate in choosing between the Turks and the Greeks. The former are good fighters and gentlemen: the latter are clever tradesmen, and do not remind us much of Marathon.

The Jugoslavs have succeeded in annexing the most Italian town of Sebenico, and a host of very Italian islands. D'Annunzio is on the war-path, and has already snatched Arbe, whose walls are covered with lions of St. Mark. It will be interesting to see what



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happens at Spalato and Ragusa during the next few days. Our information is that the poet intends to have a good try to liberate Montenegro from Yugoslav tyranny, but can the courage of his legions make up for the slenderness of their numbers? Signor Giolitti is a sort of mock Lloyd George, with almost his compromising genius and none of his eloquence or fire, but he has done wonders, considering the hideous poverty of the cards in his hands. Probably no one else would have hoped to save the monarchy during the last few dangerous months from the impending avalanche of Bolshevism.

General Townshend has, as we expected, been elected for the Wrekin division, and scored 3,965 votes more than his Labour adversary, Mr. Charles Duncan. The majority of the late member, Mr. Palmer, over Labour was 538. General Townshend claimed to be as much a friend of the workers as any Labour leader. We think it likely that this position did not need much demonstration in view of recent events. The new registers include a crowd of women who are workers, but not trade unionists, and may have a pretty shrewd idea of what the pretensions and performances of Labour are.

The official despatches and report of the battle of Jutland are promised, but meanwhile, the memorable sea-fight is being fought over again by rival strategists with a fierceness equal to the actual encounter. It is to be hoped that the submitted facts will clear up two points—the appropriateness of the strategy and the fitness of the ships. The former is disputed by Earl Beatty's faction, and strenuously defended by Viscount Jellicoe's supporters. So far, the qualifications of the latter command attention. If somewhat eccentric in his later days, Lord Fisher was no fool when in control of the Navy, and there was but one man on whom he counted to fight the Fleet, when need arose. That man was Lord Jellicoe, earmarked, as it were, for full five years before the outbreak of hostilities. In manoeuvres he had proved his ability in strategy and tactics, and in every way he was the right man.

At Jutland Lord Jellicoe acted as it had been arranged in council that he should act in given circumstances. It would have been a grave responsibility to do otherwise. Earl Beatty suggested that he lacked support. He took a great risk, and lost considerably. What we want to know is whether the risk was justified, and whether he acted as one would after consideration. Wars are won, we know, by flashes of genius, but they are similarly lost, when the inspiration is at fault or ill-applied. Was Lord Jellicoe, the tried and trusted, in the right, or was Lord Beatty, hitherto unknown as a great leader? On the one hand, the German fleet was rendered useless to the enemy, if it was not destroyed by Lord Jellicoe; on the other—one shudders to think of the outcome of a failure on Lord Beatty's lines.

One thing we do know, and that is that several of our ships would never have been lost had their ammunition service been properly designed. They blew up, because fire had access to their magazines from the inadequately protected deck. What experience, one may ask, have our Corps of Constructors of sea or war service? In Nelson's day captains had a good deal to say in the designing of new ships of war. Their experience was counted of great importance, and overruled the builder's view of what should or should not be. To-day there exist plans and drawings whereon they have made suggestions and modifications, and the Admiralty of the day set store by what such seamen held to be desirable. Now, a captain is appointed to a ship which he has never seen, and of whose plans he is comparatively ignorant. The ship is designed by naval constructors who "never, never go to sea." Many of our warships are failures, and would not stand the test of one engagement. At the battle of Coronel this was very evident. Unquestionably we vote enormous credits for our Navy, but who is to say whether we get value for our money? In the Mercan-

tile Marine worth is proved; in the Navy it is otherwise. Just as the battle-cruisers blew themselves up, so other ships have failed, even without the searching test of war conditions. By habit we trust everything to nebulous boards and departments. Too palpable a mistake entails the resignation of a Chief Constructor, but for the rest there is neither check nor guarantee. There should be both.

We publish a letter this week from Commander Burney's solicitors, and gladly accept all statements made, at the same time expressing our regret if any have been misled by us. But the points referred to do not bear on the main issue. The dates of Commander Burney's patents are obtainable from public records, and doubtless Messrs. Hastie can supply those of Messrs. Vickers's payments. What we want to know however, is how it came to pass that Commander Burney, a public servant, was enabled by the Admiralty, a public department, to accept £265,000 from Messrs. Vickers, a "controlled establishment." We must be perfectly frank with Commander Burney. In Portsmouth dockyard a huge department was placed practically under his command, and in this were enrolled some of the best brains of the country. It was both a large and costly department, and all inventions bearing on ship defence against mine and submarine were submitted there.

If Commander Burney's patents emanated unaided from his own brain, why the costly establishment over which he presided for so long? On the other hand, if the said establishment and expert staffs of scientists and naval officers were of material assistance, why the payment of £265,000 to Commander Burney by Messrs. Vickers? We have no idea what Messrs. Vickers traded the patent rights for, but we presume that it was at no loss to themselves. Why then could not the Admiralty, in whom the patent rights were properly vested, trade them direct? Messrs. Vickers were not the only makers of paravanes and paravane parts—there were many. Had Commander Burney been an unscrupulous man, his position at Portsmouth must have been a dangerous one for the country. He had only to "crab" the ideas of others in order to make a fortune for himself. On the main issue Messrs. Hastie's letter gives but little enlightenment. We certainly should like more. The sum mentioned is a large one for a private firm to hand to a public servant. To Earl Haig the nation gave but £100,000.

It looks as if the ex-Service man is to be made a pawn in the commercial world. This is a pity, and it is to be regretted on the grounds of policy and common sense. A sudden enthusiasm regarding the welfare of ex-Service men must at once arouse suspicion, and having done so much, his whilom friends and well-wishers will be roundly cursed by him whenever the selfishness of the interest is disclosed. For years we have debated the pros and cons of Trade Protection, but the new pathetic note referred to will hardly help the cause. It would appear that every ex-Service man is either engaged in the making of magnetos or could make a comfortable living by so doing, were the importation of foreign magnetos barred. Fudge. Good magnetos are difficult to make, and the labour employed in their manufacture is both highly skilled and comparatively low in ratio value. For six years British magneto makers have been without competition, and have been doing very well indeed. Naturally they would extend these halcyon days at the public charge. But why drag in the ex-Service man? He resents it as much as the public do.

The large drapers of London and the provinces are agitating for extended credits from the banks. Deputations have come and gone, we hope with comfort as scant as their wares. Seventy-five per cent. of the money spent in the large ladies' drapery establishments is waste. By cunningly changing the shape of women's clothes, they make vast fortunes. They trade on the weakness of the sex by lavish display of novel clothing. For five years, that is throughout the worst war years,

all have shown record profits and turnovers. On every hand one sees them extending their already huge premises. The modern ladies' shop is a standing rebuke to the sanity of women. Unreasoning and sheep-like, they follow the dictates of the shrewd men who know the weakness of their victims. For those who can beg, borrow, or steal the price, they prepare their comparatively worthless goods, while for the still more gullible poor they have their shoddy replicas. Even the telling lines of nature foolish females disregard in their folly, "attractive" though they always hope to be. Men may be sheeplike in their conservatism, but the excuses of comfort and economy are at least logical. They will not change—even their hats.

We forgive those who were perplexed on Armistice Day as to how it should be treated. Was it a day of national mourning and remembrance, or one of reveling and jubilation? None could discover, so many played the dual rôle. It was strange, therefore, to turn from the Cenotaph and the tomb of the Unknown Warrior, with all they represent of sacrifice for others, to the restaurants of the neighbourhood. There the Cenotaph cast no shadow. The dead are dead; let us live, for to-morrow we too must die—the revellers seemed to say. Life's problems must be fought, and life's fortunes found. Hard by our table, in the company of two youths, sat a mother and her daughter, the latter powdered and audaciously undressed. Kind people have subscribed millions to save the souls and clothe the bodies of the dusky denizens of Africa and Oceania, while that mother and her half-naked child would have shamed them all. And it was the evening of the eleventh day of November.

The housing scheme of Bath has recently been stopped for a week. Alderman Wills at a meeting of the Housing Committee, stated that the men were ordered to strike by a man from Bristol, because they were doing too much work. He added that, as a builder, he had men in his employ who laid no more than sixteen bricks a day. Bricklayers are traditionally lazy. Dickens found that their chief occupation, when they were not fighting, was leaning against posts. But sixteen bricks a day, even for a leisurely class of worker, seems inadequate. Such incidents have their amusing side; but they are deeply serious for the country, which—thanks to the exorbitant demands and deliberate idleness of Labour—is fast drifting into bankruptcy. Englishmen who do not work will make England a second-class power.

Why must we pay 3s. 6d. per pound for tea, when it is being sold in London to-day for 5½d. per pound wholesale? The duty amounts to, say, one shilling per pound, so that 1s. 9d. per pound is more than sufficient, when we remember that a margin of one penny was considered ample in 1914. Who gets the difference? Evidently the wholesale grocer and the retailer. These are the sort of things which cause unrest. Why are they permitted, and where is Mr. McCurdy? Growers are not at fault, for they lose heavily on their crops, which cost them about 9d. per pound in London. It is clear that there is some market control which holds prices at an unduly high level. Such manipulation should never be allowed. Tea is a necessary article of universal use, and with the two largest buyers, Russia and Germany, out of the market, it should be cheap. Growers are losing heavily, yet the consumer pays nearly twice as much as he should for his beverage. It looks like profiteering, to say the least.

One cannot call the somewhat mixed company who frequent boxing matches squeamish; yet at the Albert Hall last week there were strong expressions of opinion regarding the "ladies" who attended a fight there. "Richly-gowned ladies," the *Daily Telegraph* called them, but the crowd quickly found another and perhaps more fitting description for them. It was in many ways a nasty contest. Basham—Johnny Basham, to be technically correct—a clever boxer, was pitted against a less skilful but stronger opponent, "Kid" Lewis of Ald-

gate, to give him his full ring title. In the fourteenth round a terrible right-hander burst Basham's ear, which bled continuously and copiously till the end of the contest, being constantly and deliberately irritated by the repeated attacks of his adversary. Blood flowed everywhere.

According to the somewhat highly-coloured description in the paper cited, the finish came in the nineteenth or penultimate round, as follows:—

"Bounding forward, he swung his right at a lightning rate, hurling his body with it, and to the accompaniment of a great shout that made the vast building ring, he caught Basham on the side of the jaw. And down Basham fell to the floor, striking a half-sitting position. Lewis shivered because of the tensiety that was in him, standing away, but ready to pounce upon his opponent should he rise. The seconds were being shouted slowly; the eyes of Basham as he looked pathetically at the burly timekeeper were glazed. He clutched the ropes; the fighting instinct in him still burning fiercely, he rose. But his legs were trembling; you could see his muscles quivering ominously; yet he held to his senses. Lewis, his thousands of supporters shouting, was after Basham like a flash; never have I seen him in a more terrible mood than at this moment. Basham, rocking and reeling, and splashes of red all over him, but with the knowledge of how to build some sort of defence, sought to escape a fatal punch. But Lewis, like some demon, pinned him to one spot, and after an almost imperceptible shift of his feet ripped up a left swing to the jaw, and Basham fell backwards, his head striking the floor of the ring."

And the "ladies" shouted with the rest.

Did a mountain slide in the Rhondda valley because some colliery proprietors dumped half a million tons of refuse on the side of it? This question doubtless takes some arguing—and is getting it. The case is now in its sixth week before the Lords, after having been discussed for 38 and 16 days in the courts below. Nine counsel have been in attendance since October 19th, including six K.C.'s. The costs are already declared to reach a fabulous sum, and we do not see why any of the eminent counsel should ever stop talking. But this kind of law makes the average man tired.

We are glad to see that the Bishop of Southwark has been denouncing the open sale of advowsons. He goes further; he will refuse to institute in a large and difficult parish, if the purchaser of the living should present himself, or one of his relations, or a person not equal to the special demands of the place. The remarks of the Bishop are courageous and timely. The whole question of the sale of livings ought to have been faced by the Church long ago. The money-changers should be cast out of the Temple. At any rate, only ministers who are really suitable should be accepted by the Bishops. The Church must get its house in order, and that quickly, if it is going to retain any vital influence on the nation. There is a great deal of slackness and indifference, which means a general lowering of standards and a great lack of effective teaching. What is coming to our young people who don't know right from wrong, and figure nowadays in the Courts as convicted thieves before they reach their teens?

Our correspondence this week includes two letters on style and English. We publish such letters with pleasure, for never, as Thomas Hardy said a few years since, was English more slipshod, or more casually used by prolific pens. With a Prime Minister talking slang to catch the mob, officials reproducing an obsolete dialect which has to be translated into common English, and a Press in general quite indifferent to any standard of educated writing, the language is in a poor way. They do these things better in France, where they have a strong sense of order and tradition in language. There we should not see anything in a paper of vast circulation corresponding to the plural "apparati," or such ignorance of a national classic as to write "unhoused" for "put out of a house."

NEW TROUBLES IN THE NEAR EAST.

THE stars in their courses are fighting with hideous success against the Supreme Council and nearly all its works. At the very moment when twenty-one nations are assembled at Geneva to undertake the supreme task of "making the world safe for democracy," by carrying out to the best of their corporate ability the plans drafted in outline by the amateur-artificers of Peace, the centre of gravity is changed with tragic suddenness from Geneva to the Near East. The whole scheme of "mandates," so admirable a fabric in theory but so difficult of execution, is violently assailed by two events which threaten its collapse. Those two events are, of course, the defeat of General Wrangel in the Crimea by force of arms, and the downfall of M. Venizelos by the fortune of the ballot-box. So closely allied in their results are these two misfortunes that we shall be curious to learn, from authorised sources, whether both have not been encompassed by a common instrument whose name is Prussia. It is openly known that the Red Army derives much of its strength from German military experts; no less certain is it that the victorious "Tino" faction in Greece is Germanophil to the tips of its fingers. Even if the policy of "*Drang nach Osten*" be no longer proclaimed from the housetops as an object of German solicitude, could it be more strikingly supported than by these two defeats, which at once lay open the whole of Asia Minor to a combined attack from Russian Red troops and the Kemalists army, and also minimise, if they do not annihilate, the chances of Greece joining the *Petite Entente* which would have set an effective barrage across the corridor from Berlin to Baghdad.

The worst of the situation is that neither of these calamities was wholly unexpected, nor were the Three Wise Men entirely without information of the dangers that lay ahead. Military expert opinion, we believe, was almost unanimous in predicting that, sooner rather than later, the sheer weight of numbers must drive General Wrangel into the sea; it was not less convinced that, by enlarging the territories and responsibilities of Greece, there would always be the danger that when, in the course of nature, M. Venizelos disappeared from the scene, Greece would be unable to support so great a burden upon her shoulders. But such arguments were in vain; the modern Magi insisted upon a policy which implied that M. Venizelos would live for ever as the unchallenged dictator of his country's policy, and, on that improbable assumption, granted him with both hands all that he asked for. The attempted assassination at the Gare de Lyon, the fact that the late Prime Minister was invariably closely shadowed by a host of secret police whenever he moved abroad in Athens, that his domestic policy pressed heavily on the people, that his retention of a very large army with the colours was most unpopular—these things might have suggested to lesser men that the end of his dictatorship was at hand, so soon as the voice of the people could be constitutionally expressed. But the Magi learned no such lesson; enough for them that they could discern on the political horizon no Themistocles to remove Aristides the Just, and they endeavoured to extend to their own improvised policy the charm of long life and power, with which their child-like imagination had invested him. Now, suddenly, the big figure is broken; there is none to mend it, and its contents are strewn upon the ground. The man in whom the Powers trusted is overthrown, and his country, which they inflated from the size of the frog to that of the ox, is left to endure all the effects of megalomania contracted from a foreign body. But let no one imagine that the penalty will be borne by Greece alone; the failure must be shared, and generously shared, by the Allies whose imagination was hypnotised by the magnetic power of M. Venizelos—*le charmeur de la Conférence*.

A victorious Opposition assures us that "the foreign policy of Greece will not change"; but so spoke the notorious M. Gounaris in 1915-16, and straightway intrigued with Germany. "Thrace and Smyrna we

shall keep"—a promise or a prophecy that only the tired and discontented Greek army can fulfil. Candidly, we do not accept these assurances, for we cannot imagine that the hidden hand, which "prepared" the elections during the two years that the Prime Minister was labouring for his country's good in Paris, will wish to exacerbate Turkey by holding on to Smyrna and to Thrace, or to count Bulgaria a life-long enemy by denying her access to the southern sea. Whether the glove which conceals that hand be coloured Turkey red or Prussian blue is immaterial; the policy will assuredly be that which inspires the brain that contrived the simultaneous arrival of these twin disasters. It will be a policy of "agreeing with thine adversary quickly," and of forging some kind of an alliance, based on self-determination and the right to combine, which (under the guidance of experienced statesmen) will make short work of the Treaty of Sévres, and completely alter the projected scheme for a new map of Asia Minor.

Such are the clouds which are gathering upon a darkening horizon. What plans do the Allies suggest for dispersing them? To say, upon the one hand, that the teeth of Russian Bolshevism will be drawn, if we exchange commodities with that country, is obviously insufficient, so far as the protection of Palestine, Syria and Mesopotamia is concerned. To proclaim that in no circumstances will France and England recognise ex-King Constantine as the *de-facto* ruler of Greece will not dispose of the fact that, whether the exiled Monarch be restored or no, the majority of his people have declared in constitutional form for a policy which is hostile to the policy of the Entente. It would seem, therefore, that before things get any worse, there are open to the Allies two courses which, if speedily adopted, might mitigate the evil effects which menace the prosperity of the Near East. The first is to hasten by every known means the creation in Asia Minor of the Arab States, so long hoped for, yet so long deferred. If sympathetically directed, these might prove an effective buffer against Bolshevism in countries where, both by tradition and religion, there should be a natural antagonism to a form of government based upon an ill-digested mass of the crudest theories of Western intellectual superiority. The second remedy should be to give open support immediately to the members of the *Petite Entente*, which might, hereafter, become an important Balkan Federation of States, with a political and commercial future before it that would make Greece pause, before she threw her fate and her fortunes into the other camp. These proposals can be but palliatives for the mischief which the events of the past month have disclosed, but even such remedies are worth consideration, when it is too late to find a cure. One thing only remains to be said, and it is this: that, when the coming Conference of the Entente Powers has been arranged to examine the new situation, we would earnestly invite the assembled Prime Ministers to take warning by the past, and be guided by the knowledge of experts rather than impulses and theories which have hitherto woefully misled them.

THE SAD CASE OF SPAIN.

THAT ruthless ironist, Don Miguel de Unamuno, a former Rector of Salamanca University, proposes to alter the proud arms of Spain. He would take away the lion of Leon, and put in its place a fighting bull; and for the castles of Castile he would substitute a shipful of emigrants. Now, satire is a dangerous weapon in the Spain of to-day, which is the only despotism left in Europe. Unamuno was recently convicted of *lèse majesté*, and sentenced to sixteen years in gaol. Whether this reformer and man of letters will really herd with assassins and thieves is not yet determined; at the same time we are reminded that "anything is possible in Spain."

The Government's method with Labour agitation would make the hair of Messrs. Smillie and Thomas stand on end. When trouble begins, the workers'

centres are peremptorily closed. Newspapers are censored, or suppressed. Labour leaders are arrested and deported, often without any formal charge or trial. An automatic suspension of the Constitutional Guarantees converts Madrid into an armed camp. Forces of all grades are now marshalled in readiness; the Seguridad, the Vigilancia and Guardia Civil, as well as special constables and the Regular Army, to say nothing of spies and *agents provocateurs*.

But has compulsion of this kind been effective in Spain? No; we must confess it has not. The Union General de Trabajadores has just formed a fighting alliance with the big Confederación Nacional de Cataluña with a view to "direct action" on British lines. At the present moment the nation is seething with rebellion. We shall not be suspected of anarchic tendencies, if we point out that the masses in Spain have terrible grievances. More than half of these twenty odd million people cannot read or write. More than half of them are actually hungry. And a great deal more than half the Peninsula—a nation almost as large as Germany—is a neglected and waterless desert, producing no food at all. The Parliamentary elections are a cynical farce, staged by the political machine in Madrid on the time-honoured lines which have been described as a Tammany shuffle.

Nearly five thousand towns and villages of Spain are without roads; we have ourselves visited the Las Hurdes region of Estremadura, where the people live in caves and holes, sickly, degenerate and forsaken, as though they were savages of the Congo or the Niger.

It is religion which has ruined Spain. It was at the bidding of his hierarchs that Philip III hunted out the Moriscos like wild beasts, and shipped them off to Africa in hundreds of thousands. And forthwith the polity of Spain came toppling to the ground in murderous starvation and mortal decay. There she remains to-day, justifying the famous French taunt that "Barbary begins at the Pyrenees."

A patient peasantry, a courteous, intelligent medley of races are still the prey of the political machine which Cánovas and Sagasta built between them forty years ago. There is no stability in the Government. No Ministry endures more than a few months.

The national Budget has swollen to a preposterous size, and public moneys melt unaccountably, while three million Spanish children are without elementary schools, and Spain's wheat acreage continues to shrink alarmingly. Emigration is resumed on a great scale, and all the intellectuals are prophets of woe. According to one native pessimist, present-day Spain is viewed by Europe as "a mass of wreckage on the coast of Africa." Writers advise the country to shed her sixteenth century theocracy and face the bleak facts of her position. Senators and Deputies continue to turn out dismal books upon the railways and the Universities; the ruin of agriculture, the misery of the masses, and the political pretensions of the Army. 'Stark Naked Spain' is a typical title; another is 'The Blind Fatherland.'

Then the Press takes up the jeremiad. Orators hold forth upon the evils of Spain's isolation from European thought; but meanwhile little is done for a long-suffering people, looted and exploited in ways much too complicated for mention here. We know an olive-grower of Murcia whose trees were cut down during the war to make barges, and even to feed the fires of railway engines. Yet that man was forced to pay the usual heavy taxes upon his bare groves, now disfigured with stumps and melancholy litter. No wonder the farmers go off to Argentina, leaving the Ministro de Fomento in Madrid to devise new ways of "colonising" Spain.

Ignored and forgotten by Europe, Spain had the chance of her modern life in 1914, and she let it slip with tragic perversity. She preferred the old isolation which Cánovas emphasised when he refused the mediation of Grover Cleveland in the Cuban affair. Spain chose the war-wealth which an unnatural neutrality brought her, and the native experts assess this at 8,000,000,000 pesetas. Led by her priests and the

Army, Spain paid no heed to her best counsellors; these repeated the formula of an anti-German barrier, and a base for the defence and free navigation of the Mediterranean.

"The Monarchy is great," Antonio Perez pointed out ages ago to the despotic Philip II, who wanted more money for his religious wars. "But Spain is very poor." To-day the masses are still illiterate and hungry, with a death-rate which is a disgrace to a European country. "Talk, talk—O! the cursed word," wails a character in one of Perez Galdos's novels. "Talk is the abiding itch of our poor dog, Spain. Is she to go on for ever without a cure—just scratching herself with the eternal, Talk, talk, talk?"

There are signs that the proletariat now mean to act. Hatred of the priests is a new and surprising portent. The Labour Unions call for laic schools, such as cost Francisco Ferrer his life in a *cause célèbre* that shocked Europe. The mediocrities and knaves of the Madrid Machine are everywhere assailed; the process of "Europeanization" is insisted upon with ever-increasing menace.

We hear little enough of Spain, a land of fabulous potential riches, both above ground and below; we are likely to hear much more of her in the near future, because the present condition of things cannot last. More than twice the size of Great Britain, and with over three thousand hours of sunshine in the year, Spain should be able to feed her twenty millions well, and have plenty left over for the nations outside.

As it is, the Spanish cities are plastered with protests against the universal hunger. The twelve million illiterates at last call for "more light." The farmers propose "hydraulic politics"; and five thousand towns and villages, now marooned and forlorn, ask for some sort of contact with the outer world by means of roads, instead of goat-tracks which the wolf and wild boar use as well as sad caravans of underfed and overtaxed Spaniards.

THE HISTORY OF MODERN ART.

THERE is something fantastic in the multiplicity of labels used to docket the phases of modern art. Neo-Impressionism, Symbolism, Fauvism, Cubism, Neo-Realism, Futurism, Purism, and other creeds have followed each other for thirty years with a rapidity which is hardly a sign of mental stability in the body of artists affected. The sequence of movements resulting in Expressionism—a convenient name for some general tendencies, excluding, perhaps, the most sharply limited, such as Cubism and Futurism—has already been made the subject of historical studies. In Germany Max Raphael, Paul Fechter, and before them Meier-Graefe, are among those who have introduced some sort of order into the apparently chaotic mass with which the critic is faced. In America similar work has been done by Messrs. Caffin and Eddy. But, so far as we know, Mr. Charles Marriott's new book* is the first English treatise embodying in a broad view the transmutations of Impressionism and the several revolts which have succeeded that system. All the latter movements, grouped in this book under the heading, "Post-Impressionist"—which has at least a clear chronological significance—have been in their extreme developments a series of too logical reactions against the excessive logic of their predecessors. Art, like religion, is opposed to purely rational and scientific methods, and the philosophy of aesthetics has as yet no absolutely determined base. All the artist's facts are relative, and his deepest convictions are inward and instinctive. Therefore, though we are far from denying the function of intellect in art, we think that the purest forms of Cubism and Futurism, with their predominant tendency towards intellectual analysis and reasoned conclusion, are likely to be sterile. In modified forms their theories and practice have an evolutionary importance. As much may be said, of course, of any activity which springs from the collective sincerity of intelligent men. Among civilised peoples, there

* Modern Movements in Painting. By Charles Marriott. Chapman and Hall. 21s. net.

is no revolution without a degree of truth and justice in its motive; but the more violent and sectarian the revolution, the more the approach to absolute truth will be obscured. As Mr. Marriott observes, the greatest exponents of an artistic belief are more far-seeing than their followers, and "interpret current philosophy in more general terms." They are not carried away by the passing stream, and escape the full consequences of "heresy"—a word which Mr. Marriott defines in Coleridge's sense, "as signifying a principle or opinion taken up by the will for the will's sake, as a proof or pledge to itself of its own power of self-determination, independent of all other motives."

Writing for an English public, Mr. Marriott naturally devotes a large proportion of his space to English painting, of which some recent phases are summarised in his text and illustrations. Side by side, we are able to compare the course of French movements with our own, and to test the force of the impetus from France to England. The compression of so much matter into a single easily handled volume has advantages and disadvantages. On this small scale we cannot expect completeness, and each, according to his taste, will find things omitted and inserted which he would have ordered otherwise. But in general, for the plain man, Mr. Marriott is a good guide to the mazes of theory which encumber his subject. He sums up a situation in an illuminating manner; for instance—"The heresy of Impressionism is excessive regard for the look of things; the heresy of Pre-Raphaelism is excessive regard for things as they are known to be": or—"Naturalism discouraged the direct action of design." We are glad to observe his reference to Peacock's novels, which contains discussions on art highly interesting to students of æsthetic opinion. It is chiefly in his account of French painting that Mr. Marriott's weaknesses are displayed. We remember our surprise when, a short time ago, so distinguished a critic as Mr. D. S. MacColl, writing on the Lane collection, treated Renoir with a hesitation which seemed to imply a very recently awakened and partial consciousness of that artist's virtues. We feel the same astonishment when we read that "Cézanne's actual handling of paint was always rather clumsy," and that he "came nearest to the full and consistent realization of his confessed aims in water colour." Mr. Marriott should have consulted the painters; Renoir, who said that "Cézanne could not put two touches of colour on to a canvas without its being already an achievement"; or M. Jacques Blanche, a scrupulous specialist of the métier, who credits Cézanne, like Manet, with "le don si rare d'accumuler les stratifications, conservant tout de même la fraîcheur de l'épiderme." In another passage referring to the still-life paintings of Cézanne, M. Blanche says: "Nous jouissons physiquement de la rareté de leur pâte et de leur ton—comme d'un émail ou d'un fragment de poterie persane." Again, according to Mr. Marriott, Maurice Denis "is said to have been a pupil of Gauguin." The Gauguin-Sérusier-Denis connection is surely not a matter for vague statement. The facts are well known. At all events they are patent in much French literature, including Maurice Denis's own 'Théories,' and are sufficiently interesting to deserve enquiry. Denis, too, differs from Mr. Marriott in distinguishing Manet as objective rather than subjective. For ourselves, we fail to perceive Manet's subjectivity. By the way, it was not Manet, but Monet, who called one of his pictures 'Impression.' We may also point out that Corot's earlier pictures painted in Italy are by no means "in the classical tradition of Claude and Poussin," nor are they "remarkable for firmness of design." Mr. Marriott's description may be applied to some of the later works, but the special distinction of the delightful early Corots, apart from qualities of tone and colour, is their completely frank naturalism, with no hint of Poussin or Claude, and so little stress on design that they exemplify the author's remark on naturalism which we have already quoted.

Recently we attempted, in the course of an analysis of Mr. Eric Kennington's work, to make a distinction

between the functions of art and craft. Mr. Marriott's book tends throughout to diminish such a distinction, and is in some ways a salutary reaction from the nonsense that has been talked about artists—for instance, by the followers of Whistler and Oscar Wilde. Yet it seems to us that Mr. Marriott misses the real difference between artist and craftsman. Every artist is a craftsman, but not every craftsman is an artist. Mr. Marriott conceives of the artist "as a being pretty much like the rest of us, except as subject to the conditions of his particular craft. He is very much more of an ordinary man, and very much more definitely a craftsman than he is commonly considered—particularly by writers on art." He grants the artist, "a usual, though by no means universal, higher degree of sensibility"; but he seems unwilling to allow him "the special function of expression apart from what he actually does." In our view, the artist, though naturally he must convey his meaning through the exercise of a craft, is distinguished from the mere craftsman, who is absorbed in the satisfactions of a medium skillfully handled, by having something to say—some strong impulse from within himself to express the effects of his emotional reactions by the creation of form. Chippendale, in so much as he was impelled to design, and did effectually do so, was an artist; he certainly conceived combinations of line and solid form in much the same spirit as an "abstract" painter, or sculptor of to-day. Mr. Geoffrey Scott has pointed out a similar intention in baroque architecture. There are differences, of course, of motive and intensity. But the man who fakes a Chippendale chair is not an artist, however irreproachable his craftsmanship may be. Mr. Marriott may mean by craftsmanship something which includes the higher creative impulse; but this is to wrest a word from its common use. The simplicity of the usual terminology, as in the French "art" and "métier," is in its favour; and a reversion to obsolete synonymous senses of "art" and "craft" adds confusion to the discussion of modern æsthetic problems.

ACADEMIC BOLSHEVISM.

THE description of Oxford as the home of lost causes has not always been resented by her alumni. They have interpreted it as meaning that in Oxford there have frequently persisted ancient loyalties which, for considerations of expediency and self-interest, had been abandoned elsewhere. At present, however, one feels inclined to leave this interpretation alone, and to regard it as a hopeful sign that the expression of class hatred known as the Labour movement has obtained such a following there. There are few colleges where Socialism has not at least one representative at the high table, and the *Daily Herald* with the *Workers' Dreadnought* are conspicuous on the news tables of the junior common rooms.

A partial explanation of this state of affairs is to be found in the fact that though Oxford may have piously performed the last rites at the death-beds of lost causes she has also rocked the cradle of many an outrageous pose. This explains a good deal, for your university Socialist, like his brother, the street-corner orator, is nothing if not a *poseur*.

There are, however, other and less superficial causes of the phenomenon. For example, many undergraduates seem to have an uncomfortable feeling that they are having more than their share of the good things of life. "After all," they say, "we are enjoying ourselves while other people are having a pretty thin time of it." And so they placate Nemesis by patronising Labour with a capital L. It often happens, doubtless, that the man who goes to Oxford simply in order to have a good time is justified in his conviction that he is a parasite and is having his pleasures at other people's expense. Would it not be more reasonable and equally soothing to his conscience if he worked a little harder at the University, or if, finding himself unable to take University life seriously, he abandoned it and made some attempt to pull his weight in another and more appropriate sphere of activity? In other words,

he might devote himself to work rather than "Labour."

Again, many a university man is the victim of misplaced idealism. During the war he formed such an opinion of the British working-man in khaki as makes him now see the Labour movement *couleur de rose*. This attitude involves a fallacy; for it is a commonplace of crowd psychology that the general will of a body of men derives its existence and its character from the common purpose which animates the members composing it. Hence it is not necessary or even reasonable that we should regard with the same sympathy a body of men organised for the purpose of saving their country and another united with the object of holding her up to ransom on every possible occasion, even though each body consist in large part of the same individuals. There are few organizations with less idealism in their aims than the Labour movement, and, if the returned soldier fails to see that the spirit which animates Labour to-day is the same as that which by seeking to limit production placed his own life and the honour of his country in jeopardy during the dark years of war, that is no reason why his better-educated fellow-citizen should fall into the same error.

Finally, there are the opportunists who think that Labour is going to sweep the country, and who wish to be on the winning side when that happens. They are anxious to get in on the ground floor, for they see well enough that under a Labour Government life in this country would be intolerable for all except the army of parasites which would batten on the nation as a result of the wild schemes for nationalization of industry so dear to Mr. Smillie and his friends.

Oxford Socialism will doubtless go the way of other Oxford poses. But meanwhile it is as well that the public should realise the true significance of the claim made by Labour when it professes to have the intellectuals on its side.

CORRESPONDENCE

ROMAN CATHOLICS AND SINN FEIN.

SIR,—In previous letters I incidentally referred to the close connection between the Roman Catholic hierarchy and the organised rebel and outrage régime known generally as Sinn Fein. In a Sunday paper I elaborated the train of events, and have been inundated with scurrilous letters. I therefore again crave the indulgence of your columns to make my position clear.

As a publicist of many years' standing, I am the last man in the world to gird at people's views, whether religious or political. I know that millions of people throughout the world embrace the Roman Faith. I am not of their persuasion, and, so long as they stick to religion and do not attempt to make the latter the vehicle of political propaganda, I have no right to question their motives or views. But I submit, sir, that the present Sinn Fein campaign of murder is deliberately countenanced by the Roman Catholic Church. The people of Ireland, it is admitted, are priest-ridden. That is their concern, but when we find the priests hand-in-glove with murder, then we loyal Britons have a right and a duty to perform in denouncing it. Without elaborating the point, it will be obvious to every impartial reader of the daily press that the Roman Catholic Church *does* countenance murder.

First, we remember the priests leading the so-called devotions of the Irish outside Irish gaols and outside Brixton and Wormwood Scrubs prisons, within which Sinn Feiners were incarcerated for conspiracy against the State, including charges of incitement to murder and outrage.

Secondly, the grotesque funeral procession of the late Lord Mayor of Cork in London with its mixture of rebel flags and Papal paraphernalia, was first and foremost a religious affair—starting with a service in

a Roman Catholic cathedral, and followed by an elaborate ritual and march of priests. The deceased committed suicide, yet his Church gave him its blessing, contrary to its rules, and made political capital out of his death.

As to the general aspect, I blame the religious leaders of non-Catholic churches for playing into the hands of Sinn Fein.

Recently Father Bede Jarrett, of St. Dominic's Priory, Hampstead, addressed the congregation of Gospel Oak Congregational Church. He denounced "private judgment" as an obstacle to Truth, and a cause of disunity among the Churches. The pastor of this Free Church is reported to have said that "after hearing Father Jarrett there did not seem so much difference between the Roman Church and the Congregationalists as he had thought"! We are getting on! First, Mr. George Lansbury in one London Congregational pulpit, and then Father Jarrett in another. Look out soon for the announcement that the London Congregational Union has amalgamated with the Catholic Evidence Guild!

Again, I note that another leading Congregationalist, Principal Selbie of Mansfield College, Oxford, has been writing to the *Times* with a lugubrious lament that "speaking for the majority of Free Churchmen," they are astonished and indignant at the [Government] policy of reprisals in Ireland. "We would not condone for a moment the Sinn Fein outrages" . . . he adds. Oh, no! May I suggest that silence can mean consent and approval, for when has the Church of which he is such an honoured leader denounced the Sinn Fein outrages—from January 1, 1919, to October 2, 1920, totalling 7,000; policemen killed, 163; soldiers killed, 28; civilians killed, 37? These were outrages, not casualties in rioting.

Then there was the silly manifesto of the seventeen Anglican bishops on a level with the ridiculous Oxford professional fraternal message to the German professor—denouncing reprisals, but not saying a word in condemnation of Sinn Fein outrages and their R.C. abettors. What have these precious prelates to say to the above figures, or to the Sinn Fein plan for spreading typhoid germs among British troops and infecting horses with glanders?

In pre-war days the Free Church leaders, e.g., Doctors Clifford and Horton, regarded Home Rule as Rome Rule (vide Rev. Dr. W. Patterson, of Belfast, writing in 1912), but now the whole of the non-Catholic Churchmen appear to be tumbling over each other in backing up the Rome Rule. In his presumably solemn message to a London evening journal on Armistice Day even Dr. Clifford could not avoid a little political propaganda. He hoped its lesson would be—to grant self-determination to Ireland—i.e., hand it, and with it, his Protestant brethren, to the tender mercies of Rome and Sinn Fein!

The only protest in print I have seen from a Roman Catholic was that penned by a lady in the *Evening Standard*, in which she denounced Sinn Fein, and stuck up for the murdered British soldiers and policemen. Congratulations to her for an exhibition of loyalty and courage!

It comes to this, then. Let English Catholics get together and formulate some scheme whereby the priesthood of Ireland, high and low, can dissociate its church from the murder gang now ruining Ireland. That being accomplished, the *devout* Sinn Fein assassin will soon cease his nefarious work, and reprisals will be a thing of the past.

Finally, and most important, Archbishop Mannix, speaking in Harrogate on Armistice Day, Nov. 11, 1920, said, "*I am a Sinn Feiner.*" *Verb. sap!*
G. A. LEASK.

National Liberal Club, S.W.

THE U.S.A. AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

SIR,—In *New York Herald* (formerly *Sun*) of Sunday, October 3, 1920, first page, there is an article head-noted:

"Ex-Kaiser must pay tax on income of \$600,000."

While the Kaiser still draws \$600,000 income per year, why is Europe so anxious for U.S.A. to enter the League of Nations? Let Lord Eustace Percy of the Foreign Office, answer for the League.

He says (*Contemporary Review*, September, 1920, p. 319):

"The only Government capable of using surplus economic power for political ends is the President and Congress of the United States. This is the real weakness of 'the League'; this is the real limit to its effective operation."

What say the Republican leaders to this? Let Senator Miles Poindexter answer (*New York Tribune*, September 5, 1920, p. 5):

"We know, furthermore, that the effort of Governor Cox and President Wilson to have the United States to subject itself to a world government under the Constitution brought back by President Wilson is a part of the plan to pool the war debts of Europe, including those of Germany, in which the United States would be the chief solvent debtor."

We feel that the \$36,000,000,000 which we spent in the war was really a sufficient contribution."

I sent the words printed above to a number of Europe's leaders of thought and action between October 4 and 31. Had the Pan-German war-leaders and war-criminals been executed, Pan-Germany been made to pay or work off the bill by degrees, and peace made promptly, Europe (that is, our European associates) would have had as many millions of admirers here as it had on November 11, 1918.

HENRY A. FORSTER.

53, Liberty Street, New York City.

NEWS AND NEWSPAPERS.

SIR,—On more than one occasion in your columns, I have referred to the ignorance displayed in certain branches of sport by those responsible for their reporting in the press. These remarks of mine seem equally applicable in other directions. In fact one feels entitled to ask: Is the general public being well served by its Press?

Take the case of the recent Venizelos débâcle in Greece. Why should all our press—and not only the polypapist press—be talking of this débâcle as "a great surprise"? Why should I, a mere humble member of the community—who know no Greeks and have never been to Greece—have been able to prophesy to my home circle, a week before the elections took place, that Mr. Venizelos would suffer a crushing defeat at the polls? A friend of mine, in his way an "important" citizen of one of the Allied nations, did, it is true, tell me a long time ago that Mr. Venizelos was the most autocratic politician in Europe, but surely there should have been at least one observant newspaper correspondent in Greece who could have told us the real truth about the situation. The fact remains that we certainly did not get it in the newspapers, although, even so, it is really wonderful what one can glean by reading intelligently between the lines.

Take again the case of General Wrangel in the Crimea. I was tired to death counting up the scores of thousands of Bolshevik prisoners enumerated in our press (and also in the French papers such as *Le Matin*) that this General was capturing week after week—in fact, it seemed as if his Cossacks must have captured nearly the whole of the Bolshevik army! The bright young officer who did the counting at the Crimean end seems to have acted very unfairly, not only towards ourselves, but also towards Wrangel himself, for it raised all sorts of false hopes, which in the ordinary way one sensible glance at the map should have dispelled.

And now in to-day's SATURDAY REVIEW your correspondent Mr. Walter P. Dodge states that in Italy at the municipal elections "the Socialists are badly beaten everywhere." Where has your correspondent obtained this information? I see no confirmation of

it either in the Italian or French press, or even in ours! Not only is the statement incorrect, but, on the contrary, the Italian Socialists have gained victory after victory. This may be unpleasant, but why hide our heads in the sand? The *Times* of 2nd November said that the municipal and communal elections in Italy had up to 24th October given results as follows: 2,935 to the Constitutional bloc, 1,031 to the Clericals, and 1,733 to the Socialists, including Bologna, Pavia and Milan. In later elections I see by the foreign papers that the Socialists gained some 500 more communes—in other words, the figures are well over 2,000. I gather that the Socialists before only held some 400 communes, so that the present elections show they have made tremendous strides. Why blink the fact that Socialism is gaining ground everywhere among the masses? If we cannot provide a suitable alternative, do let us at least face the position intelligently.

While on this topic, why is it that I have to rely on the foreign press for the news that at the recent municipal elections in Serbia the Socialists gained majorities, sometimes huge majorities, in many of the towns made famous by the Great War, e.g., Belgrade, Monastir, Nish, Veles? Why has our press had nothing to say on the matter? It is surely a very interesting item of news.

TOURNEBROCHE.

COMMANDER BURNEY'S £265,000.

SIR,—Referring to your remarks in the SATURDAY REVIEW of the 13th inst. with regard to the Recommendations of the Royal Commission on the Paravane invention, we consider that it would have been to the advantage of all concerned if you had ascertained the facts before publishing a misleading statement thereon.

As solicitors for Commander Burney we are authorised to say that in accordance with Article 45 of King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions our client applied for patents covering his Paravane inventions in February, 1915, and subsequently in accordance with the provisions of that Article these patents were assigned to the Admiralty.

Commander Burney at that time was not in charge of any Department dealing with inventions. He was in fact a lieutenant in command of H.M.S. *Velox* on Channel Patrol so that "he had no advantages over others which were unique."

H.M. Government, in view of the value of the invention to the Allied cause in general divulged the subject matter of these patents to Allied Governments but at the same time in order to protect Admiralty interests it became necessary that foreign patents in these allied countries should be taken out.

Our client, as in the case of other inventors was accordingly directed, under Article 415 (IV), to take out patents in such foreign countries as the Government authorised, and consequently there was no waiving of Service Regulations in his favour.

It was not until Commander Burney's invention had been accepted by the Admiralty as standard for the Service that he was placed in a responsible position in the Department dealing with these inventions.

HASTIES.

[We refer to this letter in Notes of the Week.]

FRENCH JARGON IN ENGLISH.

SIR,—Some two or three days ago in the London Library I picked up a number (probably the last number) of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and on the table of contents I read: "Résumé of ——" something. The "something" does not concern us, for I am writing to ask you if you discern any shade of meaning (perhaps I should say "nuance" of meaning) between "résumé" and "summary," and if you do not think that "résumé," with its two French accents, looks ridiculous in an English sentence. I would also like to ask you if you have not noticed that our language is disappearing into a horrid jargon of French

words. The French have a very complex grammar, which supports the writer; we have only got our words, and the only beautiful words in English are our own words. Yet it seems to be the aim of every English writer (myself excepted) to use as many French words as possible. To mention a few, I select first that odious word "fiancé," so unlike the English language, which has now come into general use. Why not "betrothed," and if "betrothed" seems pompous, why not his "intended" or her "intended"? There's the word "démarche," used in so many sentences that very often the meaning is obscure. Why not "take steps"? How much better than "naïveté" is the word "innocency," which has been in the language certainly three hundred years and is full of English associations. Another example: we have the word "banter," but there are people who look upon "badinage" as a superior word, a more elegant word, a word containing a "nuance" of meaning that "banter" fails to do. Lord Askwith wrote a letter to the *Daily Mail* in which the phrase "compagnons de voyage" occurs twice, though the letter was not more than ten or a dozen lines. Is there any difference between "compagnons de voyage" and "travelling companions"? and does it add lustre to a man's style to write the phrase in French instead of in English? Of course, Lord Askwith could not write a letter without using the word "camouflage"; that would be impossible, more than we might reasonably expect of any man. The war has brought hundreds of French words into English, to the great detriment of the language. These will pass into common use in a very few years, and then literature will be no longer possible in English, for there will be no English, but a barbarous jargon. The other day I saw in the paper a drawing of a costume and underneath it "Especially made for 'thé dansants' at the Ritz." You will think, perhaps, and not unreasonably, that I need not concern myself with the verbal infelicities of dressmakers, but the tendency to use French words is widespread. The French "menu" has displaced the native "bill of fare," and the amount of people who rejoice in a "flair" is remarkable.

The *Daily Mail* is the worst offender of all. The other day I found the word "insouciance." The writers of that paper apparently take no trouble to seek for an English word. They accept English tags, and to English tags they have added French tags, with the result that in fifty years' time the language will no longer be a literary language. We have lost "thou" and "thee," an irreparable loss to ordinary English. Country dialect, of course, retains this significant use of the second person, but such dialect is being destroyed daily by the schoolmaster, and is supposed to be beneath refinement, though it is much more picturesque and effective than journalese.

M. R.

[We sympathise with much of our correspondent's protest; but when he writes that "we have only got our words, and the only beautiful words in English are our own words," he loses sight of the fact that much English is really French, and that English is a most acquisitive language, which takes from every source, and will continue to do so. War words were naturally taken from the French, but they are not bound to survive in peace time. We should be glad to see some standard of English preserved in every publication which is considered worth reading.—ED. S.R.]

HOSPITALS AND PAYMENT.

SIR,—In the *Morning Post* of November 10th there appeared a letter from Lord Knutsford, who, pleading on behalf of the London Hospital, said, "The patients would all pay, unless excused on the ground of poverty, and care would be taken, as now, to prevent people using the hospitals who could afford to pay the usual fee of doctors or surgeons." Is this all that

well-to-do persons such as trade unionists would have to pay? Would our miners, our railwaymen, and our transport workers get their board and lodging free, or at reduced rates? People who can afford to subscribe to trade unions and go on strike, standing idle for twelve weeks without pay, as Smillie the demagogue boasted at Glasgow last month he had seen miners do, should be made to pay for their keep in hospital to the uttermost farthing—indirectly, if not directly. It is not reasonable that the hospitals should continue to look to the over-taxed gentry for support. It is not right to go on bleeding the upper and middle classes, by putting the hospitals on the rates, for the benefit of British Bolsheviks, and other anarchists whose main idea would be to renew their war on civilisation as soon as they got their discharge. In case patients belonging to the so-called working class have not the money at hand to pay their way, let the money be obtained from the trade unions, as in America—a procedure calculated not only to render the hospitals largely independent of public beneficence, but also to put a wholesome restraint on the vagaries of strikers. An adequate contribution from trade union funds, enforced as a supplemental aid to the present voluntary subscriptions, would relieve the pecuniary plight to which our hospitals have been reduced.

C. H. B. BURLTON.

BURNS AND STEVENSON.

SIR,—Your parallel between Burns and Stevenson in your number of November 20 is ingenious, and might serve, if developed, to remove some current misconceptions. Both were certainly Bohemian, if not revolutionary, and thus had no permanent success in their lifetime in careful Edinburgh. Stevenson in his Letters recognised Robert Fergusson as a brother, "the poor, white-faced, drunken, vicious boy," who inspired Burns to write Scots poetry. This much is obvious.

What is less known is that both Burns and Stevenson were learned writers deep in books who deliberately went to the past for their inspiration. From the inscription on the statue of Burns on the Embankment one might gather that he went from the plough and untaught burst into song. This is nonsense. Many of his best pieces are adaptations of earlier Scots verse. His English was consciously founded on eighteenth-century models. He had read Addison, Pope, Thomson, and Shenstone. The earliest compositions he remembered taking pleasure in were not Allan Ramsay's, as might have been expected, but Addison's. Burns thus acquired an English which was accurate and well-ordered, but a little stiff, and quite unlike the immortal style of his best verses. The eighteenth century talked a good deal about Nature, and got pretty far away from it. Under this influence Burns may be said to have mastered English, but hardly to have used it in a masterly way.

Stevenson's mastery of English prose was due to prolonged study and imitation of the best English essayists, and he owed something to living contemporaries like Meredith. His Scots stuff in prose, and more particularly in verse, shows mastery of language, but seems the work of a conscious virtuoso, producing admirable words rather than the living tongue which Burns, and after him Walter Scott, used with freedom and naturalness. Judges still in Scott's day spoke broad Doric on the bench, but not, I imagine, in Stevenson's.

The sentimentalists of the Kailyard had their profitable season, being carefully fostered by a literary Scot in London. But I doubt if to-day there is a wide enough audience to understand any book thickly peppered with real Scots. As for America, the Bibliophile Society of Boston printed 'New Poems' of Stevenson with errors which any student of Burns should have been able to correct, and an English publisher in 1918 made no effort to improve on this slackness. In fact, though the Scots are everywhere, they have dropped a good deal of their effective language.

R.

REVIEWS

THE MAN OF FEELING.

Children of the Slaves. By Stephen Graham. Macmillan. 12s. net.

THE case of Mr. Stephen Graham is becoming quite distressing. It was bad enough when, as an expert on Russia, he was able to indulge his fill of sentimentalism and prophesying, many of which have since been made to look rather more than usually foolish by the tiresome little fellow called Fact. Then he served a while in the Scots Guards during the war, and discovered that quite a lot of war and war training is not at all gentlemanly, or what a man of letters would desire; and now he has revisited the United States and perceived that under the Stars and Stripes there is one law for the white and another for the black, that negroes in "these States" are sometimes brutally lynched, and that a shocking amount of inequality and unbrotherliness goes on in the land of the men whose fathers once so splendidly "marched through Georgia." Accordingly, once more are his feelings aroused, and in this volume he takes it upon himself to warn the United States of what the revolted "slaves" or "serfs" of Russia have done during the past two years. He is good enough also to give a hint to his own country that all is not as it should be in India, Egypt, and Ireland—the three classic instances of British wickedness, as all students of foreign Anglophobia are aware. So, altogether, his feelings, like those of Mrs. Cluppins, are "too many for him" this time on quite the grand scale.

The mischief of this sort of book is the fact that it cannot possibly help forward the cause which the author has earnestly at heart. Like most people who think with their hearts rather than with their heads, Mr. Graham seems to have taken very little trouble to learn more than his own side of the question. The Americans who will resent this book are not those who condone lynchings, but those who detest them, and who look forward to, and work for, the day when they will be no more. An eloquent testimony from one of these—and a rather distinguished one, S. L. Clemens, better known as Mark Twain—appeared only lately in our correspondence columns on this very subject. To all these good men and women the spectacle of an Englishman lecturing their nation on such a matter, and prophesying all sorts of horrors for it, unless it mends its ways, will naturally have the worst sort of effect. No one who knows the American people has the smallest doubt that the administrative stain involved in the treatment of the "colour" difficulty will be removed, and from within. No holding up of pious hands in other countries will have the smallest good effect.

Our author appears to have spent his time during the tour here described almost exclusively among the blacks; and naturally he saw and heard much to engage his sentimental affections. The average black in America is really a pleasant creature, apart from his occasional effect on the olfactory nerve. Merry, good-natured, willing, and, as a rule, exceedingly loyal, there is yet often a look in his face which troubles the imaginative spectator, the haunted humble look with which a beaten dog will stay its master's hand. Nor need we mind saying that it jars badly upon the average Englishman to hear a comfortable American citizen talking of male negroes as "buck niggers." But while we admit this, and while we hear with ever-greater astonishment of the excesses for which colour prejudice is from time to time responsible, we also know that the majority of the white men and women in the United States are as incapable of ill-treating a black man or woman as Mr. Graham himself; and if our author, instead of listening so exclusively to the oratory, public and private, of Dean William Pickens, Dr. Du Bois, and other persons of colour, had consulted freely and frankly with more men like Mr. Bolton Smith, of Memphis, he might have written, not perhaps so sensational a book, but

one that would have been a good deal more helpful to his cause. This Dr. Du Bois, by the way, is the leader of negro militancy to-day. He is a far more fiery person than was the good Booker T. Washington. "He may," says our author, "be leading his people to even more bloodshed and slaughter." He may even be leading them to "a complete racial fiasco." In fact, Mr. Graham writes of him very much as one might have written a year ago of any wild Bolshevik leader in Russia. And, adds Mr. Graham, "He looks rather like a highly polished Jewish professor." Indeed? The remark seems to possess a certain significance.

Needless to say, so graphic an impressionist could hardly be long in such a riot of colour without producing some highly readable pages. His account of a negro musical comedy which he saw one evening in a negro theatre makes most entertaining reading, as also do his description of an oration by Dean Pickens, and his transcript of a statement by an "advanced negro lady" on the subject of morality in general. At the back of all his recklessness and sentimentality lies the germ at any rate of a sound and practical ideal. The one obvious solution of the trouble, he says somewhere, lies in the "distinct and parallel development" of the black and the white, equality before the law, mutual understanding and tolerance. Even this is, of course, a platitude, for it is the ideal of millions of white Americans in this matter; but a book written to develop it would have been a great deal more helpful than all this horror and hysteria. After listening once to a black female preacher, Mr. Graham writes, "Such was the atmosphere she was begetting in her congregation that I had to do everything in my power to avoid breaking down under the influence and sobbing like a child." Really? This is scarcely the temper of a historian, or critic, or practical man of any sort in an issue so complex and grave.

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

Supers and Supermen. By Philip Guedalla. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.

SOMEWHERE in Gibbon there must be a story of a lion who, surfeited with a monotonous diet of early Christian, offered himself to his fellow-lions in the arena as a succulent change on the menu. That heroic example must have inspired Mr. Philip Guedalla, who has reprinted his reviews in book form, and here offers them to the other critical beasts of the field with the usual polite formalities. It is true that he has rather exceptional cause for this at first sight strange procedure. By one of the curious but inexplicable tricks of fate, Mr. Guedalla has been a reviewer both for the *Observer* and the *Daily News*; and between the Atlantic sweep of one editor's contributions and the astonishing Pacific of the other, any ordinary writer's column must look as thin as Panama.

With Mr. Guedalla one does at least reach firm land, but, unfortunately for the unwary, the tropic luxuriance of his style does not conceal an occasional earthquake in the meaning. In the heroic attempt to make himself heard his brilliant top notes are occasionally a little strained, the emphasis a little forced, the argument a little thin. In a review sandwiched between the racing report and the Nonconformist pulpit in the *Daily News*, no doubt these things are inevitable; but torn from its setting, the gem does not shine quite so brilliantly. The jests are good, but sometimes the same jest is repeated. Now the ordinary rules of simple addition do not apply to paradoxes; two epigrams added to the same two epigrams do not make four epigrams, but weariness. Mr. Guedalla should have got somebody to edit his book for him, but no doubt he has had enough of editors. There is a peculiar and perhaps sinister significance in the fact that only one editor is included in his supers and supermen, and he is dead.

There are roughly two classes of reviewers. There is the primitive type which describes a book, and points out its excellences and defects. There are the duller dogs, but they have their uses. There is also

the type, first made fashionable by Macaulay, which says little about the author, and less about the book, but writes a spirited essay just to show how the thing should have been done, whereby the author is properly humiliated and the public edified. Mr. Guedalla belongs to the second type. He sometimes mentions the author, and on rare occasions the book; once at least he trips so far as to give an opinion on the book. But in general, he sticks to his last, which is to produce an amusing column. One could wish sometimes that he had imitated the luckless author, and actually written a book—if only to give the other reviewers something to review. One feels sure that the lions, after their brief interlude of cannibalism, told the early Christian that with all his faults they loved him still.

LIBERTAS AND LIBERTY.

The Evolution of Parliament. By A. F. Pollard. Longmans. 21s. net.

OUR constitutional historians no longer begin their work by an inquiry into "the constitution and powers of English legislative assemblies before the Conquest," but restrict themselves to the study of those periods for which our records afford indisputable evidence, though the majority of them cannot help but bring to the interpretation of these documents the connotations which centuries of development have given to the terms employed. It is not so many years ago that a scandalised professional historian refused to read any further a work which pointed out that Stubbs's distinction between *commune concilium* and *commune consilium* had not, and could not have, any foundation in mediæval documents. Professor Pollard's work is not of this class. It is fully based on original records, and his use of them attempts to follow the meaning attached to them by their writers.

The word "Parliament" itself, like the word "liberty," is a good example of this. The meaning and connotations attached to these words in modern minds have almost nothing in common with those attached to them by their introducers to our vocabulary. Moreover, nearly all our legal terms are French, and, as Prof. Pollard points out, to understand a mediæval record, at any rate up to the end of the fourteenth century, we have to think of the French word which was meant by its writer. The Act of 1362 which tried to substitute *la langue du païs for la langue française* is, as Maitland says, an important historical landmark.

Our author was led to these investigations of the origin of Parliament by his study of the Tudor constitution, in which he met problems which have not been solved. He will, no doubt, like some of his predecessors, be treated with the full rigour of criticism by professional mediævalists; but it is noteworthy that the few mistakes he has made arise from an acceptance of their dicta. He bases his study on the earliest definition of an English Parliament, that found in the work of Fleta, a pseudonymous author of the end of the thirteenth century. *Habet enim rex curiam suam in consilio suo in parliamentis suis*. It is in working out this definition that the novelty and the value of this book lie. "We cannot understand English constitutional history, with its struggles between Crown, Parliament, and Courts of Law, unless we realise that all are descended from a single ancestor and are disputing over their respective shares in an inheritance which all had once enjoyed in common." After dealing with the High Court of Parliament (to use the phrase of Stuart lawyers), Prof. Pollard proceeds to examine

the introduction of representation in Edward I's parliamentary models, and next deals with "the myth of the Three Estates." The phrase is a novelty of the fifteenth century, and the "popular error" of giving them as King, Lords and Commons is nearer the truth than the statement commonly made. As a fact, there never were "estates" in Parliament, and if there had been, there would have been at least six. In Scotland, which adopted its system from England before the changes of Edward II, took place, there were three estates, the clergy, the tenants in chief, and the burgesses, and their Parliament remained unaltered in substance till 1587. We are aware that it is current doctrine that Scotland borrowed nothing from England and modelled itself on France, but the only foundation for this doctrine is that in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries French chancery practices were adopted in Scotland, while for centuries before Scotland had modelled itself on its nearest and most powerful neighbour.

The next chapter on 'The Fiction of the Peerage' describes at some length the well-known method by which the House of Lords has entrenched itself in Parliament, and, cuckoo-like, ejected the other constituents of the court. Prof. Pollard refers to the attempt to limit the creation of peers in 1719, but does not refer to the demand of the peerage in 1648 that no future creations should be Lords of Parliament. Peerage law is a legal fiction, in which historical fact is rigorously suppressed. After this interlude we are led to consider the growth of the House of Commons, and the influence of a national assembly on the growth of a national spirit instead of a regional one, and reminded of the fact that Hampshire men are still "foreigners" to the dwellers in the Isle of Wight. We then deal with 'Parliament and Liberty,' and with the apparent paradox that the most useful work of early Parliaments was to limit and destroy the various "liberties," among them the liberty of the English Church. Next in order come two chapters on 'The Growth of Sovereignty in Parliament' and 'The Separation of Powers.'

We shall have left an entirely wrong impression, if we have led our readers to think of this book as a dry-as-dust performance. It is throughout eminently readable, full of sound political wisdom, and surcharged with dry humour, but in no part are these qualities more evident than in these two chapters. The author sums up the controversies of the seventeenth century neatly by saying:—"All (parties) claimed to hold what they held by right. But they also held this in common, that they could override the rights of others by statute. . . Parliament, which is not regarded by High Churchmen as a sufficient authority for the jurisdiction of the Privy Council, was good enough for a Test Act and a Clarendon code. Indefeasible right is, in fact, the right of oneself; and fundamental law is the law one invokes to restrain legislation by other people." The chapter on the 'Separation of Powers' is an examination of the constitution of the United States, which is founded on Montesquien's doctrine that the separation of governmental powers is indispensable to civil liberty. By a closely reasoned study Prof. Pollard clearly demonstrates that no such separation has ever taken place in our history, and that, as a matter of fact, it does not exist in the American constitution. "The rigid restriction on paper of the United States judicature to strictly judicial functions has, in point of fact, enabled it to determine all sorts of political, executive, and legislative questions. A legislative veto is a legislative power." The separation of powers, besides,

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leads directly to an arbitrary use of them. The legislative bodies control their own elections and exclude duly elected members without redress. The president is irremovable, and unchecked in his powers; the decisions of the Supreme Court cannot be corrected, however violent their interpretation of the law; there is no mutual responsibility.

Following this discussion, Prof. Pollard sums up in a few short chapters the position of the Crown, the Council, the Peers, and the Commons in Parliament, and concludes with two short excursions into modern politics, 'The State in Parliament' and 'The British Realms in Parliament.' Into the questions there discussed we shall not enter, but devote the remainder of our space to one or two points of historical interest involved in his study, out of the hundreds that arise. The position of the Privy Council in Parliament up till its final extinction about 1846 at the will of a Lord Chancellor, probably Cottenham, is a fundamental part of mediæval constitutional history, but it cannot be studied by English documents alone, because at the most important points of its career, it often becomes an entirely different thing, a Council of Regency, under some name or another, and exerts powers not due to its status as Council. The student must look for hints to the two similar kingdoms of Scotland and Ireland. Scotland is not really available; for in a great part of its history from James I, its kings were minors and the Council a Council of Regency, in addition to the prohibition of any reference to it by our historical pundits. But in Plantagenet Ireland the Constitution was clearly modelled on England, and the King's Council in Ireland exercised all the normal functions of the King's Council in England. It is greatly to be desired that some competent scholar will take up this interesting line of research. The recent attempt of an Irish Privy Councillor to speak in the House of Lords may have had more justification than he knew of, as the writs (illegally withheld) summon Privy Councillors to attend, assist, and advise the Crown and Parliament. Another interesting point Prof. Pollard might have mentioned when discussing the writ of summons to the Attorney and Solicitor General is that in Tudor times an attempt was made to exclude them from the House of Commons on pretext of that writ. Personally it has always seemed to the writer that a revival of the Privy Councillor's writ of summons would afford the best way of allowing the British Dominions a voice in Parliament without the need of interfering in our domestic affairs; while, coupled with a limitation of the hereditary vote, it would allow ministers in a permanent minority in the Lords to equalise their strength temporarily without swamping the peerage.

Another interesting point is the amount of reliance to be placed on that puzzling document, the 'Modus Tenendi Parliamentum.' It is a scandal that we have no moderately accurate text of it in print, and the date of it is still unfixed. Prof. Pollard seems to accept it as a document of Edward II's reign, but the mention in all known forms of it of York as a city and county points to the reign of Richard II, when York was so created for the first time by charter, and this agrees with Mr. Round's date of 1386.

A third point of interest is that of Legislation by Proclamation. We have seen lately the first law officer state in court that the Crown can prohibit the import of any article by proclamation. Now in mediæval times, while customs officers were private servants of the King, and paid out of his own funds, an order not to pass any article through the customs might have been within the range of the prerogative, but when they are paid by a vote of Parliament, the claim is absurd. The latest cases of illegal proclamations before the present war are given in the standard work on Tudor and Stuart Proclamations.

We cannot conclude without a word on the excellent reproductions of some illustrations of Tudor Parliaments, and without again expressing our appreciation of a well-written and interesting study which can be read with pleasure and profit alike by the average educated man, and the student of constitutional history.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

The Lure of the Past. By Anthony Armstrong. Stanley Paul. 8s. 6d. net.

THAT the gift of remembering previous incarnations may be fraught with danger to its possessor is apparently the moral of this story. We would further suggest that it is not the safest of themes for a novelist who aspires to develop it with any degree of detail. Mr. Armstrong's hero re-lives in vision dramatic episodes from five earlier existences, the periods embraced ranging between the Stone Age and the nineteenth century, while the scene varies from ancient Egypt to Imperial Rome, and again to modern Burmah. It is obvious that a mass of knowledge, at once diversified and specialistic unlikely to be possessed by any individual is in these circumstances required to maintain an effect of illusion, and *à fortiori* of accuracy. We cannot say that Mr. Armstrong maintains an effect of either. His conception is also disappointing in another respect, for the re-incarnated subject, though sometimes making considerable moral progress from one appearance on earth to another, revives for the last or rather penultimate time in the highly unsatisfactory character of a Burmese dacoit. But the narrative is always readable and often picturesque and has many flashes of imagination.

BOLSHEVIK DANGERS.

The Crimson Tide. By Robert W. Chambers. Appleton. New York and London. 8s. 6d. net.

MR. CHAMBERS in some prefatory verses explains that he would rather talk and walk with two of his friends than write this book. Since he has by this time published more than fifty novels, we do not see why he need add another. Authors who count don't write so much. But Mr. Chambers, having got a vast public, must, we suppose, go on feeding it. The story, mainly of Bolshevism in New York, is a little mild after its sensational beginning in Russia, but it has the marks of popular success. Villains, heroes, and heroines are exceptionally gifted and exaggerated, and we expect to see the fair young Swedish giantess with gold ringlets who belonged to the Russian Death Battalion presented on the "movies," where she belongs. It is all fairly interesting, but rather shallow. The heroine's difficulty about the marriage tie we have seen better done elsewhere. Some of the American is beyond us.

MUSIC NOTES

CARL ROSA OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.—A creditable beginning was made to the four weeks season of the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company on Monday with the first English performance of 'Lohengrin' heard at Covent Garden since the war began. The choice of Wagner's early opera was commendable, as it was well suited to the leading artists of the troupe, who have long been familiar with its music and every feature of its stage handling. Hence a certain smoothness and certainty of touch that atoned for noticeable shortcomings in singing. In these the Lohengrin (Mr. William Boland) and the Elsa (Miss

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Beatrice Miranda) participated less conspicuously than their companions, who seemed to tire more quickly. In a dramatic sense, however, all the principals were well on a level with their task, while the orchestra, sensibly reinforced, gave sound support to the whole ensemble. The chorus was fairly satisfactory, though there were times when its lack of power left something to be desired. Some of the best work of the evening was done in the second act, where plentiful cuts were wisely made, thus helping to compensate for a tendency to drag on the part of a relentless Ortrud. The enunciation of the men was above the average. Mr. Charles Webber conducted.

SATURDAY ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—At Kingsway Hall last Saturday Mr. Adrian Boult and his British players advanced another step in public esteem by dint of a really excellent performance of Sir Edward Elgar's second symphony. It is a work that depends enormously upon delicate *nuances*, refined execution, and a strong sense of contrast—conditions that were fulfilled in an unexpected degree, with the result of a corresponding increase in our understanding and appreciation of the big composition. It had obviously been well rehearsed, and, so played, merited a larger audience; but unluckily the Quinlan concerts are too dependent as yet upon the adventitious aid of "stars," and when Mme. Calvé's name disappeared from the bill, owing to indisposition, no doubt the chief attraction of the afternoon (for Mr. Quinlan's supporters) disappeared as well. Miss Rosina Buckman and Mr. Peter Dawson may have more than filled the vocal gap, but too late to repair the damage. For our own part, it was necessary to make a rapid journey to Queen's Hall in order to hear the second half of the programme there. We were better rewarded by Mr. Arthur Rubinstein's brilliant playing in the first piano concerto of Brahms than by any enjoyment that proceeded from the hearing of a solemn and pompous, and somewhat noisy piece called 'Italia,' by the early pre-war Alfred Casella of 1909. This savoured less of the 'Italia una e libera' of Garibaldi than a *frittura mista* of Sicilian and Neapolitan origin, with the inevitable 'Funicoli-funicola' of Luigi Denza thrown in à la Richard Strauss, who used the same merry jingle in his 'Aus Italien.' But surely this is not the true Italy.

CHAMBER CONCERTS AND RECITALS.—The last two programmes put forward by the London Chamber Concert Society have been undeniably interesting, despite, or maybe because of, a curious mixture of Mozart and modern French art. Unfortunately we could not contrive to hear the new duet sonata which M. Florent Schmitt introduced with M. Dufauw on Tuesday, but report spoke highly of it, and we shall hope for another chance of judging its merits. At the previous concert we found much to admire in the clever arrangements of old 'cello pieces by M. Joseph Salmon, whose harmonies, like his playing, are of a delicate and seductive texture. But why will Miss Jelly d'Aranyi insist on limiting her solos so frequently to the longest and most abstruse fugues of Bach for violin alone? And surely it was Mrs. Norman O'Neill (not her composing husband) who played Scarlatti, Leonardo Leo, and D'Agui with such purity and crispness of touch.

Among recent recital-givers to whom some measure of praise and encouragement is due we may mention Miss Edith Groat, a mezzo-soprano with a fine voice which she knows how to use. Experience will doubtless enhance the variety of her style. Miss Lily Crawforth has plenty of contrast at disposal, but lacks the equalization of her vocal scale. Miss Ada Mylchreest, who calls herself "the Manx contralto," is gifted with a resonant voice, but needs more time and study to do it justice. Her singing at present has natural charm, but little finish or interpretative insight. Mr. Gale Gardner has a pleasant, sympathetic tenor voice, well adapted for concert work, and sings with considerable intelligence, though apt at times to force his higher notes. His programme included some good songs by British composers, three of them (in MS.) by Miss Phyllis Norman-Parker, who acted as accompanist. These struck one as well put together and full of poetic fancy. Another and even more ambitious programme of native compositions was that rendered by Miss Ursula Greville and Mr. Percival Garratt, singer and pianist respectively, who repeated their recital at Oxford on Wednesday, and are to give it again at Bath today. Miss Greville is an artist of unusual talent, and apparently chooses her songs for their difficulty as much as for their modern tendencies of thought and treatment.

Pianoforte recitals have been rather more abundant than usual. Last week Miss Marian Keighley Snowden greatly pleased a large five o'clock audience; Miss Jessie Bristol and Miss Isabel Gray executed with admirable precision and mutual understanding a programme of pieces for two pianos; and that clever young player, Miss Kanevskaya, gave evidence of renewed progress in a programme of more ambitious calibre than she has heretofore attempted.

FICTION IN BRIEF

SAUL, by Corinne Lowe (Constable, 9s. net) is an American story. It tells of the struggles of Saul Furinski, the son of a Polish Jew immigrant, to free himself from the bond of the sewing-machine in a sweater's workshop and force himself into the front as a designer of clothes. This was the great passion of his life, and there was another, his reliance on Hannah Sadowsky, whom he loves, marries, almost deserts, and returns to in his hour of utter defeat. It is one of the ablest pictures of Jewish life in New York that we have read, not so much for its direct portraiture, though that is good, as for its preservation of the atmosphere. We recommend it heartily.

THAT GIRL MARCH, by W. H. Rainsford (Lane, 8s. 6d. net) is the story of how Miss Edith March arranged to her own satisfaction the affairs of Blaisham without regarding the legitimate authority of Lady Delwyn, who was the present mistress of The Hall, and how she influenced the fortunes of Philip Gray, a young architect, who had, though she was not aware of it, a hereditary interest in the place. The story is gaily told and gives promise of much high-spirited good work in the future. We have had some pleasure in reading it.

THE HOUSE BY THE RIVER, by A. P. Herbert (Methuen, 8s. 6d. net). A young poet, fairly well off, happily married, the centre of a little group of admirers, murders his servant in a gust of animality suddenly stirred up one summer evening. In a helpless bewilderment he calls in the aid of a friend and neighbour, and imposes on him the task of aiding in getting rid of the body. Then the web of circumstance begins to wind round them, de-stroying his character and involving his friend helplessly in suspicion, and at the last, retribution comes. It is a powerfully written story, and its inherent improbabilities are skilfully made possibilities.

THE AMOROUS CHEAT, by Basil Creighton (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d. net), asks us to suppose that a nice young woman for whom we get to have a real liking in the course of the story, would allow a casual young man who follows her into a restaurant to go home with her and stay the night, and that he would remain ignorant that this was her first experience in the matter. Given that, the tale runs on in a natural course. The young man's father is an extremely well-drawn figure, and the way each of the protagonists from their respective points of view feels cheated by the other is worthy of Restoration comedy. Thoroughly unmoral but interesting.

DOUBLE LIFE, by Grant Richards (Richards, 7s. 6d. net), is the story of how a respectable suburban wife with some money and not enough work to do was led to take an interest in racing, to not unfruitful dealings with bookmakers, and eventually to the purchase of a racehorse which wins great sums for her,—all without her husband's knowing anything about it. Though the fates have twice been against him in any attempt at realism, the author has written a vivacious and interesting story, and we only hope that its convincing quality may not be the means of reducing a number of happy families to bankruptcy. For this reason only we hesitate to recommend the book to our readers, it is too seducing.

THE DWELLER IN THE HALF LIGHT, by Roger Wray (Odhams, 7s. 6d. net), is a story showing how a girl of a neurotic type is able to create a sort of elemental monster by the strength of her longing, who reveals himself not only to her but to those who are around her. The monster, like Frankenstein's, becomes harmful to them, preying on their strength for its existence, but, unlike it, is susceptible to good, being a part of the heroine's soul. At the last it fades away out of existence. The story shows imagination and some power of writing.

BERTHA IN THE BACKGROUND, by Beatrice Kelston (Long, 7s. net), is a very amusing story of the spy mania in a little country house. The story develops during the visit of Miss Colooso Bishop to the house of an old friend and admirer, Hilary Jessop, a popular novelist. Bertha remains in the background during the whole action of the piece, communicating words of wisdom by telegram to those who appeal to her for advice. War novels are, perhaps, out of favour just now, but this one has a minimum of war and nearly a maximum of fun.

MARTIN CRUSOE, by T. C. Bridges (Harrap, 6s. net) is the story of an adventure in an aeroplane which takes a youth in search of wealth to a mysterious island in the heart of the Sargasso Sea where a colony of Norsemen have been shut in for centuries, and very wonderful things can happen. We can recommend it as a first-rate story for presentation to boys.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

ART AND MUSIC.

Complete Organist, The. (Musician's Handbooks.) By Harvey Grace. Grant Richards: 7s. 6d. net.
Design and Tradition. By Amor Fenn. Chapman and Hall: 30s. net.
Handbook of Indian Art, A. By E. B. Havell. Murray: 25s. net.

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES.

Aspects of Literature. By J. Middleton Murry. Collins: 10s. net.
Dostoevsky and His Creation. By Janko Lavrin. Collins: 7s. 6d. net.
Everyday Essays. By John Crawley. Melrose: 3s. 6d. net.
Jacobean Letter-Writer, A. By E. P. Statham. Kegan Paul: 12s. 6d. net.
Modern Drama in Europe. By Storm Jameson. Collins: 10s. 6d. net.
Old and New in the Countryside. By Victoria de Bunsen. Longmans: 9s. net.
Ralph, Earl of Lovelace. By Mary, Countess of Lovelace. Christophers. 10s. 6d. net.

FICTION.

Hand in the Dark, The. By Arthur J. Rees. Lane: 9s. net.
Haunting of Low Fennel, The. By Sax Rohmer. Pearson: 2s. net.

What Next? By Denis MacKail. Murray. 7s. 6d. net.
 Winsome Winnie and other Nonsense Novels. By Stephen Leacock. Lane: 5s. net.
 Age of Innocence, The. By Edith Wharton. Appleton: 8s. 6d. net.
 Captive, The. By A. Andry. Digby Long: 7s. net.
 Devil Bird Country. By Vaughan Pendred. Constable: 9s. net.
 Elephant God, The. By Gordon Casserly. Philip Allan: 6s. net.
 Harriet and the Piper. By Kathleen Norris. Murray: 7s. 6d. net.
 Horrible Suspicion, A. By Andreas Eje. Bale and Danielsson: 6s. net.
 In Leading Strings. By J. K. Pulling. Sidgwick and Jackson: 7s. 6d. net.
 Lips at the Brim. By A. Newberry Choyce. Bale and Danielsson: 6s. net.
 Little House, The. By Coningsby Dawson. Lane: 6s. net.
 Lucinda. By Anthony Hope. Hutchinson: 8s. 6d. net.
 Madmen. By José Mora. Digby Long: 7s. net.
 Masquerade. By Harold Weston. Bale and Danielsson: 6s. net.
 Original Sinners. By H. W. Nevinson. Christophers: 6s. net.
 Queen of Atlantis, The. By Pierre Benoit. Hutchinson: 9s. net.
 Snow over Elden. By Thomas Moulton. Heinemann: 9s. net.

HISTORY.

Revolution, 1789 to 1906. By R. W. Postgate. Grant Richards: 18s. net.
 Seaborne Trade. Vol. I. By C. Ernest Fayle. Murray: 21s. net.

POETRY.

Auld Doctor, The. By David Rorie. Constable: 3s. 6d. net.
 Farmyard Ditties. By Madeleine and Charles T. Nightingale. Blackwell: 3s. net.
 In the Country Places. By Charles Murray. Constable: 3s. 6d. net.
 Sallet of Songs, A. By F. S. Burnell. Holden and Hardingham: 6s. net.
 Two Foemen. By Herbert Edward Palmer. Elkin Mathews: 2s. 6d. net.

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SPORT

As we hinted last week, the M.C.C. found the New South Wales team a considerably harder nut to crack than their earlier opponents had been. They were as handsomely beaten this time as the Australian teams had been before, but they were unfortunate in being without both Waddington and Parkin at the same time, especially as the Sydney wicket is the fastest in the world, and would therefore have rendered these two players all the more deadly. Mr. McCartney is an excellent bat, and the M.C.C. were lucky to get rid of him for as little as they did in the first innings. It was an interesting encounter altogether, and only adds to our speculation as to the future.

When opposed by a Welsh team, play the close game. Richmond followed those tactics against Llanelly last Saturday, and, though beaten by six points to three, they had all the better of the second half, the visitors being badly rattled, when the fog rolled up from the river. With more accurate kicking, the result might have been otherwise, as two easy penalties failed, and an attempt to drop a goal from a mark went astray. But the Richmond forwards, the heavier and taller pack, acquitted themselves uncommonly well, both in the loose and the line-out. In the scrum they might practise more economy of method, since they exhausted themselves by "getting a shove on" before the ball was in, whereas the Welshmen brought one big simultaneous heave to bear. Out of such a set of genuine workers, however, one or two ought to figure in the trial games.

The Rugby teams of Oxford and Cambridge are showing better form than they were. The forwards are sturdy and hard-working; Mr. Waldo at Oxford, and Mr. Young at Cambridge, are decidedly clever half-backs; but the threequarter line in both teams is causing a good deal of dissatisfaction. Changes will, however, soon have to cease, as in view of the near approach of the 'Varsity match, the backs must have some practice in studying each other's play. Oxford were beaten on Wednesday by Major Stanley's team, but that was a very strong side, rich in players of international quality. The Oxford forwards showed considerable improvement in quickness, which is a virtue not common in forwards of the hard-working type. As a three-quarter, Mr. Jacot of the Harlequins, did some good things. At Cambridge Mr. Craigmile has done some striking work in gaining tries, but combination and neat handling of the ball are not conspicuous.

The various Leagues which occupy so large a space in the Press are full of curious sportsmen. What the Football Association allows in the way of buying and selling, and transferring players is astonishing. They may play for two different clubs during one season, and are sold like prize cattle. A member of the Sheffield United team has recently been bought by Everton for £3,700, it is stated. Of this the player gets £1,000, which is a pleasant sum. The League teams, says an old International in the *Daily Mail*, "circulate privately a list of the players whom the clubs are open to transfer," and "the player's name is sent to clubs considered to be likely buyers, and offers are invited."

Thus the richest club is in a position to buy the best, or most highly prized, set of players. But it does not work out like that. The new man often does not fit into his strange surroundings, and, being a mere mercenary, may play for his own glory rather than the advance of his side. As for the sake of money he leaves the team he ought to know and like, he is no sportsman. Any "team-sense" that may exist is obviously handicapped by intrusions from outside. But the popular press dotes on the new acquisition. These sordid transfers are not allowed in county cricket. They

indicate a degradation of sport which is reflected both in the play and the crowds which watch it. They should have been resisted by players in control of the Association who know better.

Two further instances of gross misconduct which occurred recently in professional football, were last week inquired into by the Football Association. The facts there disclosed, which included the throwing of missiles by the crowd, bad language, and intimidation, sadly demonstrate our insistence on the deterioration of the sport. The decision of the Commission to close the grounds concerned for a period is no remedy. Even were it, cure is a pitiful substitute for prevention. What is required is the preclusion of betting on football results, as stated by some sportsman in the personal column of the *Times* the other day. This wholehearted method would doubtless kill professional football, for the clubs are dependent on the "gate," which would inevitably dwindle away once the motive which impels these sportsmen to roll up in their thousands were removed. But by no less drastic step can the desired purity be effected.

Sport under National Hunt rules, steeplechasing and hurdle racing, follows without intermission. In the coming months there is a meeting every day, in some cases two meetings, except on Christmas Eve and, of course, Boxing Day, seeing that the latter falls on a Sunday. Some forlorn animals "go round" in the selling races, it is true; at the same time, horses of fair class are among the hurdles, and the best steeplechasers cost large sums. The late Sir Charles Ascheton-Smith did much towards spoiling the market. He cared little what he paid for anything that seemed likely to make a "Liverpool horse," and big prices have been to a great extent maintained. It is regretted by devotees of jump racing that His Majesty runs no horses during the winter. King Edward started his career as an owner with 'chasers, and remained faithful, in spite of disappointments with Moifaa, Flaxman, and others, more than mitigated, however, by the success of Ambush II., in the Grand National of 1900. A few owners of flat race horses are running for the first time this season under National Hunt rules, while the names of others who have been accustomed to do so, appear in recent entries. Many years have passed since Lord Rosebery's colours were first carried over hurdles, and they will be seen as usual.

When statistics of the racing season are published next week, it will be found that little, if at all, short of £600,000 has been distributed amongst owners of horses since "the week which includes the 25th of March," to quote the rule forbidding the sport at an earlier date. The half-million mark was topped in 1898, having approached within a few pounds in 1897, and has been annually increasing at a steady rate, except when interrupted by the war. Most of the money comes out of the pockets of owners, an unduly large proportion as some of them strenuously maintain, producing figures from foreign countries to support their view; but for the most part, they enter their horses in sufficient numbers under prevailing conditions, and little has hitherto come of the periodical agitations.

It does seem at last, however, as if the Jockey Club were seriously moving in the matter, and it is possible owners may henceforth not be so heavily taxed, though it is just as well not to be too sanguine. The amount earned by the more or less fortunate owner who figures at the head of the winning list varies greatly. In 1889, when the total divided was over £480,000, the Duke of Portland took almost the odd figures, more than £73,000, whereas in 1907, when stakes amounted to £533,000, as comparatively little as something under £18,000 sufficed to give the now Lord Wavertree the lead. Sir Robert Jardine will this season be rather over that aggregate.

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In this connection, a large number of shipbuilding orders have recently been cancelled, and naturally if such cancellations became at all numerous, there is no knowing what the ultimate effect of this may have on the steel plate orders we have already booked.

The report and accounts were adopted.

THE CITY

The trend of markets continues downward. We hear a great deal about Paris sales—which after all amount to but little—about the difficulties of Mincing Lane and other commodity centres, and about the curtailment of loan facilities by banking interests. Certainly these are all factors in the case, as also are international politics and the grave condition of affairs in Ireland. The chief trouble at the moment, however, and a trouble which underlies some of the factors just mentioned, is the problem of the floating debt. The necessity for the solution of this problem is not only becoming increasingly urgent, but it is known that it is once more engaging the serious attention of the Treasury, the Treasury Bond offer having proved a failure, so far as its original purpose is concerned. It is largely in the wide field for conjecture thus re-opened that the present depression of markets finds its origin, for there is a growing fear that after all the solution of the problem may take the form of a compulsory loan. Whether or not any such fears are justified, we have for the moment the concrete fact that the problem can no longer be shelved.

It always has been, and probably always will be, one of the greatest drawbacks of the Stock Exchange that it is always either very cheerful, or very depressed. It always sees things through glasses of the most roseate hue or heavily smoked. Hence it is that the promising influences of to-day are ignored. They none the less exist, and prominent amongst them is the outlook for the abolition of the Excess Profits Duty. The unjust incidence of this impost is now very fully apparent. That it will be deleted from the next Finance Bill no one would dare to say, but that it will be appreciably modified is no more than a reasonable conclusion, for the simple reason that it has been demonstrated beyond question that the industries of the country can no longer bear the burden in its present form. Then, too, there must be taken into account the decidedly more pacific attitude of Labour interests; the gradual improvement in the value of sterling, as measured in foreign currencies; and the prospect of a resumption of trade with Russia. Altogether the outlook is far from being so black as the tone of the Stock Exchange would lead the casual observer to suppose. All that the wise investor at the moment wants is patience, mixed with a little courage.

One of the chief drawbacks to the gilt-edged market is, that there are too many "good things" being offered. In other words, the supply of high-yielding trustee securities is substantially in excess of ordinary investment requirements. This was exemplified the other day by the reception accorded to the New South Wales offer of 6½ per cents. of which the underwriters have had to take up rather more than 70 per cent. As an investment, the loan is probably good enough for most people's money, and there is no doubt that in process of time the normal investment demand will relieve the underwriters of their liability. The fact remains, however, that at the moment the supply of such investments exceeds the public's powers of assimilation and there is a growing disposition to await the closing of subscription lists, with a view to picking up stock at a discount. In these circumstances, it is, perhaps, a little surprising that a septuple Corporation loan to the amount of some four millions is on the point of issue. However, many of the older Corporation loans, such as Brighton and Bradford Sixes, now stand at quite respectable premiums, and it would appear that a good opportunity for exchange is afforded.

The recently issued railway statistics for August and September do not make a particularly encouraging display. Although the increase in passenger fares came into operation on August 6th and the rate increase in September, the surplus over and above the sum guaranteed by the Government amounted to rather less than a quarter of a million. This, however, is largely ex-

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plained by the fact that the September working of the Irish Railways threw upon the Government a liability of £100,000, a liability which, by the way, is increasing. When the figures for October and November come to be published, there is little likelihood that they will be better, even if as good, for it is estimated that the coal strike alone resulted in a loss to the railways of some £8,000,000, while the rise in wages consequent upon the operation of the sliding scale, and the increased liability regarding Ireland, have to be taken into account. It seems likely therefore that some months must yet elapse before it will be possible to gauge prospects with any degree of accuracy. In the market the suggestion is made that the publication of weekly traffic figures might with advantage be resumed. Such a course would at any rate give a useful idea as to how the individual undertakings are faring.

While business in first-class Foreign Bonds—if there are any first-class ones—marks time, there is evidence just now of a revival of interest in others, which, while anything but first-class, are not altogether devoid of speculative attraction. We refer particularly to German Threes, which during the past few weeks have fluctuated between $5\frac{1}{2}$ and 7, mainly in accordance with the changing value of the mark. Prussian Three and Half per Cent. Consols are also receiving attention, as are Prussian Three per Cents., the respective quotations for which are approximately $5\frac{1}{2}$ and 5. Of course, such wares are not to everybody's taste, but with Germany steadily recuperating, it is obvious that the tendency of German bond values will in the main be upward. To those prepared to lock their money away for a time they certainly are not devoid of attraction, the more so, seeing that the present prices approximate to no more than those of lengthy pre-war options. Russian Government bonds are also showing activity, though to a lesser degree. Of course, they are of an infinitely speculative character, and until the Russian outlook is more clear, they should be left to the French operators, who appear lately to have developed a fancy for them.

The depression in South African shares is, of course, directly traceable to the Continent, and an efficient antidote will be forthcoming a few weeks hence in the form of the dividend announcements for the current half-year. It is worthy of note that there is a growing tendency quietly to absorb shares of the leading land holding companies. Most of these companies have now been many years in existence, and have provided shareholders with a remarkably thin time so far as dividends are concerned. There have, however, been so many reconstructions and writings-down of capital and assets that the great bulk are now very far from being over-capitalised, and therefore are all the more capable of reflecting South Africa's growing importance from an agricultural point of view.

Our Johannesburg contemporary the *South African Mining and Engineering Journal*, has just published a particularly instructive table which shows at a glance the profit-earning capacity of the 42 leading Rand mines. Incidentally it shows also the extent to which the companies are benefiting by the present enhanced price of gold, and the parlous condition in which the low-grade propositions would be placed, should there be any appreciable shrinkage in the premium on the metal. The most unfortunate of the lot is the Luipaard's Vlei, the production costs of which figure at no less than £5 11s. 11d. per ounce. Altogether there are six mines that could not afford to carry on, should gold fall to £5s. 5s. per ounce, while at the normal price of £4 5s. per ounce fine, only 14 would be left in the field. Of these the Meyer & Charlton would be in the best position, the cost per ounce on this property being no more than 41/5, while the Modder Deep Levels, the New Modder and the Van Ryn Deep all produce at

under 50/- per ounce. The remaining ten all produce at substantially below 80/-, with the exception of the Rose Deep and the Ferreira Deep, which produce at 80/5 and 80/1 respectively. It is not, of course, suggested that gold will come back to 85/-, and it should also be borne in mind that with any decline in its value costs will automatically be reduced.

As in the case with other sections of the House, the Miscellaneous Mining market has presented but few encouraging features of late. Among them the strength of Russo-Asiatics is worthy of note, and is the more interesting, seeing that, as a result of the Inland Revenue authorities having waived their Excess Profits Duty claim against the original corporation, a considerably larger number of shares will shortly be "good delivery." In the ordinary course of events this development would tend to occasion weakness in the market quotation. As it happens, however, the jobbers seem fully prepared to take on their books all the shares that come to market, and are, in fact, competing for them. The explanation, we gather, will shortly become apparent. For the moment all that can be said is that certain of the company's recently acquired continental assets are showing remarkably promising development results, and that official information on the subject will be forthcoming within no long period.

The gamble in Esperanzas has simmered down to very modest dimensions. In fact, interest in these shares now centres upon only the weekly development cablegrams and as the cablegrams are of a singularly colourless character, the market price trends steadily downward. The field in which the company's property is situated, however, has long been famous for surprises, and as it is quite possible that rich values will again be encountered, the situation is not necessarily hopeless. The shares of the Burma Corporation have presented another outstanding feature of weakness. In this case development reports continue to be of a consistently satisfactory character, and the weakness is entirely attributable to a considerable line of shares having come on an unreceptive market. When these have found a permanent home, there should be a substantial recovery, as the outlook for the undertaking was never brighter than to-day. Golden Horse-Shoes seem another rather attractive purchase, at the present price of about 17s. 6d., including the dividend of 3s. announced the other day. Here again the latest development news suggests that there will be ample scope for capital appreciation, when the mining market as a whole brightens up.

They Look to You for Help!

The spectre of hunger, cold and misery is staring in the face the widows and children of British Merchant Seamen. There are:

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THOS. SCOTT, Secretary,
British Merchant Seamen and
their Dependents' Fund
Tower Building, LIVERPOOL

CARGO FLEET IRON

LORD FURNESS, presiding at the adjourned annual meeting of the Cargo Fleet Iron Co., Ltd., at Middlesbrough on the 24th inst., said:—Our annual meeting for the year ended 30th September, 1919, was held at these offices on the 26th November, 1919, when the ordinary business of the re-election of directors and auditors was transacted, but as the accounts could not be prepared by that date, an adjournment was necessary.

The Profit and Loss Account, after making adequate provision for estimated liabilities to the Government, shows a gross trading and manufacturing profit for the year of £215,940 18s. 4d., as against £193,766 16s. 3d. for the previous year.

I should like to give you some figures showing the annual output of pig iron and steel ingots in the United Kingdom for the last complete pre-war year, 1913, as compared with 1917, 1918, and 1919. The output of pig iron for these four years was as follows:—In 1913, 10,260,000 tons; in 1917, 9,322,000 tons; in 1918, 9,086,000 tons; in 1919, 7,393,000.

The output of steel ingots for the same four years was as follows:—In 1913, 7,664,000 tons; in 1917, 9,717,000 tons; in 1918, 9,539,000 tons; in 1919, 7,894,000 tons. First, with regard to pig iron, it will be noted that the high level figure of 10,260,000 tons in 1913 has not since been reached, the output for 1919 being at the rate of nearly 3,000,000 tons less, whilst the steel output for 1919 was slightly more than in 1913, but nearly 2,000,000 tons less than in 1917.

This big decrease in the output of pig iron is a very serious factor, and its causes must be overcome. Otherwise, we cannot hope to maintain the full output of Steel from the present capacity of the works in this country, unless it is proposed to import pig iron from abroad.

Whilst it was reasonable to expect a reduced output of steel in 1919, as compared with 1918, this does not apply to pig iron, as this commodity is not only required for the steel trade, but also for ironfounders and engineering works generally. In fact, it was customary in the past for such undertakings to carry stocks of pig iron—largely in the shape of warrants.

Another matter is the very serious effect at the present time of a special form of taxation which was designed purely as a war measure, and your Company is one of those which has suffered severely from the unfair incidence of this tax.

There can be no doubt that the wave of trade depression and consequent unemployment which we are now experiencing is mainly attributable—directly or indirectly—to the effects of the unfortunate Excess Profits Tax.

It is therefore earnestly to be hoped that the Government will make an early announcement of their intention to abandon this tax, in fulfilment of their promise last year.

BAHIA BLANCA AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY

LARGE INCREASE OF PASSENGER TRAFFIC. RECORD TONNAGE OF CEREALS.

THE THIRTY-FIRST ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Bahia Blanca and North-Western Railway Co., Ltd., was held on the 23rd inst., at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., the Right Hon. the Viscount St. Davids, chairman of the company, presiding.

The Chairman said: I presume you will take the report and accounts as read. I will now move: "That the report and statement of accounts now presented be, and they are hereby, received and adopted." You were informed last year that separate records of the earnings of the line had ceased to be kept, but that we made it a point that the working line—the Pacific Co.—should keep separate statistics of the tonnage carried and the passenger traffic. As your income is guaranteed by the working company you are not interested to the same extent in the working of the line as you would otherwise be, but I feel sure you will be pleased to see from the figures of tonnage carried how your property has shared in the general prosperity of the country during the past year. The tonnage of cereals carried is well above the record of any previous year, no less than 1,334,000 tons being carried, the chief increase being in the wheat traffic. There is a total goods tonnage of 1,842,000 tons, against 1,069,000 tons in 1918-19, an increase of 72 per cent. Passenger traffic and live-stock also showed large increases. We had a very busy time at our port, and you will have noticed from our report that 154 steamers loaded during the season. The facilities of the port were severely taxed, and we have been asked by the Pacific Co. to sanction additional grain storage and accommodation. Only works absolutely necessary will be sanctioned, and a reference to page 7 of the present report shows that the capital expenditure for the year to June 30, 1920, was £50,700, of which over £30,000 was spent on Port Galvan. You will also notice that old rolling stock to the amount of £141,000 has been withdrawn from service. Under our working agreement with the Pacific Co. this is a charge which the working company bears, but our capital account will be charged with the cost of the replacement as and when the new stock is put into service.

Mr. Edward Norman seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously, and a resolution was then passed increasing the directors' fees.

Lord St. Davids and Mr. J. A. Goudge, the retiring directors, were re-elected, and Messrs. Turquand, Youngs and Co., having been reappointed auditors, a vote of thanks to the chairman and directors concluded the proceedings.

The Saturday Review

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